

The Man From  
U.N.C.L.E.

The Yukon Affair

Prod. #7477

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. N.Y.'s THIRD AVENUE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

1

The usual traffic, vehicular and human, as we HEAR normal TRAFFIC SOUNDS. Included, an antique shop in a taxpayer on which two window washers are working. A BEAUTIFUL PEDESTRIAN walks up the sunny avenue. SOLO rounds a corner, and finds himself following her.

ANGLE ON SOLO

2

Becomes aware of the TATTOO of the girl's high heels. Smiles appreciatively.

ANGLE ON PEDESTRIAN - SOLO'S POV

3

Her semaphoring waistline.

RESUME SOLO

4

Interrupts his innocent concentration on the girl to note his surroundings. Just habitual alertness.

TWO WINDOW WASHERS - SOLO'S POV

5

Working on antique shop. Their backs to CAMERA.

6 OUT

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DOORWAY - DAY

6X1

Rococo. The PROPRIETOR, friendly, gemutlich, standing near the storefront, ostensibly reads his newspaper. Removes his heavy watch from his vest pocket and casually checks the time. Peers over his Franklin-framed glasses, over his newspaper.

WE SEE, WITH HIM:

Air Date 12-24-65

SOLO AND PEDESTRIAN APPROACHING

7

INT. SHOP FROM OUTSIDE - PROPRIETOR

7X1

CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he shuffles to a cluttered counter. He moves an antique clock to one side, revealing a push button.

8 OUT

THE BELL BUTTON (INSERT)

9

His hand finds, and activates the bell button.

10 OUT

EXT. BUILDING - WINDOW WASHERS - DAY

10X1

A BEEP alerts the window washers. They turn to observe the street below.

SOLO AND PEDESTRIAN - WINDOW WASHERS' POV

11

approaching antique shop storefront.

RESUME WINDOW WASHERS

12

They move, by prearrangement, to a sponge.

ANGLE ON WINDOW WASHERS - FAVORING "SPECIAL" SPONGE

13

With great exertion, they lift the sponge.

RESUME ANTIQUE SHOP

14

The Proprietor selects, from the counter, a small pear-tree-and-partridge. Shuffles towards the window. Waits for the strategic moment.

EXT. STOREFRONT - DAY

15

The Beautiful Pedestrian enters SHOT and passes the window. As Solo enters SHOT, the Proprietor ostentatiously places the prop in the window. Solo's

attention is caught by the movement. He passes it. 15  
Stops on a double-take. He has seen this prop CONT'D  
before. Proprietor, hands still on the object, (2)  
smiles blandly.

REVERSE SHOT - SOLO 16

Puzzled only momentarily, he puts it together.  
Looks upwards.

WINDOW WASHERS - SOLO'S POV 17

They push over the sponge.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOLO 18

He springs violently, energetically, out of its  
path. We HEAR an enormous impact.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE SIDEWALK 19

A jagged hole in the cement at the spot Solo had  
been standing.

20 OUT

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY OFFICE - DAY 21

The partridge-and-pear-tree prominently in f.g. at  
Waverly's desk. Behind it, Waverly is smoking his  
pipe at an unusually rapid pace.

WAVERLY (into intercom)  
(looking at the toy bird)  
The name is Partridge. G. Emory  
Partridge. Tell them to try South  
American Rain Forest: Ruler of--  
or Village of Eastsnout: Lord of--

The door opens. Solo enters, carrying file.

SOLO  
I've drawn that file, sir.

WAVERLY (looking at Solo)  
As well you might.  
(into intercom)  
Thank you.

He snaps the intercom off. Swings in his chair, questioningly, towards Solo. Solo drops the file, unopened, on the conference table.

21  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
Nothing, sir. Whereabouts unknown. He was last seen riding a full-blooded Arabian stallion into a sandstorm, pursued by two hundred tribesmen. For some reason they resented his attempt to unseat the reigning Sultan.

WAVERLY (turning  
file documents)  
An interesting man, Partridge...

22-24 OUT

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY

25

Door opens. Illya enters followed by UNCLE girl with "sponge" on cart.

ILLYA (reading  
from report)  
The ingot concealed inside the sponge conforms to every property Professor MacPhee of Edinburgh University predicted in 1962. H factor-140. Specific gravity 484.

WAVERLY  
Can you translate that, please.

ILLYA  
The hardest and heaviest metal in the world.

SOLO  
Fourteen times harder than a diamond.

ILLYA

It would have been a poor way to go, Napoleon.

25  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo smiles. Waverly is not amused.

WAVERLY

Any other unusual properties, Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA

Very.

He beckons to Solo, who joins him in wheeling the table, with much effort, to the vicinity of the electronic control board in Waverly's office.

ILLYA (his hand on bell-jar)  
Ready?

Waverly, puzzled, nods. Illya closes a switch next to the brick and lifts the bell-jar. We HEAR the headquarters EMERGENCY ALARM. The pointers on the control dials run amuck. The door opens to admit TWO ARMED UNCLE AGENTS, weapons at the ready. Illya replaces the bell-jar, and normal quiet prevails.

WAVERLY (to agent)  
Purely an experiment.

The agents withdraw, uncertainly, and the door slides shut.

SOLO (to Illya)  
An electro-magnetic field?

ILLYA

In the presence of electricity, 40,000 times the magnetic pull of magnetite. That's why MacPhee named it Quadrillanium X.

SOLO (to Waverly)  
I'll leave for Edinburgh at once.

ILLYA

At once is too late. MacPhee was lost on an expedition almost a year ago.

SOLO  
Following Partridge's disappearance.

WAVERLY  
Mr. Kuryakin, what other facts?

25  
CONT'D  
(3)

ILLYA  
Very few. MacPhee only speculated on the existence of the ore. Described it as green, with red veins in it.

WAVERLY  
Its color doesn't interest me, Mr. Kuryakin.

Solo is pleased with Illya's discomfiture.

WAVERLY (to Illya)  
I take it this  
(indicating the brick)  
hasn't been through the geological computer analyzer.

ILLYA  
I thought you would want this demonstration first, sir.

Waverly nods his approval. All three proceed rapidly down the corridor to the Geological Computer Analyzer Room -- an avante garde computer Plus.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

25X1

Together, with effort, Solo and Illya lift the sponge under its bell-jar, and place it in a box which is an integral part of the computer. Solo closes and bolts the lid of the computation box.

WAVERLY  
Obviously any concentration of this metal could wreak havoc with navigational instruments. Anyone who can get his hands on a large enough concentration of Quadrillanium X can control the air and the seas.

The Geological Computer Analyzer makes the appropriate sights and sounds -- and begins to teletype its response.

WAVERLY (reading)  
Previously unknown.

SOLO  
Helpful.

WAVERLY  
Latitude 68 degrees, 41 minutes  
north.

25X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
Above the Arctic circle.

WAVERLY  
Longitude 144 degrees, 4 minutes  
west.  
(thoughtfully)  
To be exact, the Yukon.

The machine stops its clatter.

WAVERLY (rips the  
results from the machine)  
Period.

Waverly moves to his intercom. Flicks the switch.

WAVERLY (into intercom)  
I want an instantaneous report--  
all divisions. Subject: THRUSH  
purchases of heavy-load transporta-  
tion and mining facilities.

SOLO (looking at pear  
tree)  
THRUSH, sir...?

WAVERLY  
The only organization with the  
facilities to handle this kind of  
project is THRUSH. Therefore  
Partridge must be working with  
THRUSH.

SOLO holds out his hand for the computer results.  
Waverly does not give them to him.

WAVERLY  
I want the source of this metal,  
and any stockpile found -- and  
destroyed.  
(pause)  
Promptly.

SOLO  
Yes, sir,

WAVERLY  
Mr. Kuryakin -- you are particularly  
qualified for this assignment by  
your experience in cold climates.

25X1  
CONT'D  
(3)

ILLYA  
Do you wish Mr. Solo to accompany  
me?

WAVERLY (to Solo)  
Since Mr. Partridge may well be  
implicated, I would suggest you  
do.

SOLO  
We'll make the arrangements im-  
mediately.

Waverly starts for the door.

WAVERLY  
Good luck. And better take your  
winter underwear.

Puffing his pipe, he exits.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN:  
EXT. AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY - (STOCK) 26

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SUBMARINE, SUBMERGING - DAY - (STOCK) 27

EXT. SUBMARINE, UNDERWAY - DAY - (STOCK) 28

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. ESCAPE HATCH - SUBMARINE 29

Napoleon and Illya wait for the signal. We HEAR  
it -- a HOLLOW HORN-LIKE NOTE. They are in cold-  
weather skin-diver's costume.

ILLYA

Well, there it is. Almost.

29  
CONT'D  
(2)

He checks Napoleon's gear. A final, expert check.

SOLO

Nice to have a cold-climate expert  
along.

ILLYA

Glad you could make it.

He interrupts his critical check to adjust the  
miniaturized aqua-lung attached to Solo's mask.

ILLYA

You're clear on how it works? This  
new device from the equipment develop-  
ment section. A miniaturized aqua-  
lung.

SOLO  
Perfectly.

29  
CONT'D  
(3)

ILLYA (as if Napoleon  
were not)  
Oxygen on this side...

INSERT - THE CAPSULE; CLOSE, IN ILLYA'S HAND

30

ILLYA (continued, O.S.)  
...feeding the face mask.  
(partially unscrews the  
other end)  
This side, emergency fuel. An  
adaptation for frigid zones.

31 OUT

ANGLE ON ILLYA - SOLO'S POV

32

ILLYA (condescendingly;  
enjoying it)  
By the way, if you have any further  
questions -- don't hesitate to ask.

He pulls his face mask down, and starts through the  
hatch.

33-34 OUT

SURFACE OF WATER WITH BUBBLES

34X1

THREE ESKIMOS RAISING HARPOONS

34X2

EXT. ARCTIC POOL - DAY

35

Illya surfaces. Solo surfaces beside him.

CLOSE ON ILLYA

36

His eyes go wide behind the face mask. Solo swims into the SHOT. Removes his mask to register equivalent surprise.

SOLO

I think I have a further question.

REVERSE SHOT - EDGE OF POOL - DAY - THEIR POV

36X1

Three ESKIMOS have them covered with poised harpoons.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. IGLOO ONE - DAY

37

Napoleon and Illya, now changed into Arctic outfits, with wet suits on floor. They are bound with thong, hand and foot, sit back to back, and bound to each other, on a skin rug in the otherwise barren igloo. A seal-oil lamp smokes chokingly. Light from the smoke hole at the dome of the igloo.

SOLO

The reception committee was nice, but I'm not sure about the accommodations.

ILLYA

We must write to our travel agent and complain.

38 OUT

INT. IGLOO

39

Murphy appears, face-first, through the tunnel which is the entrance to the igloo. Solo and Illya look at Murphy then at each other exchanging looks.

ILLYA

Hello...  
(no response)

Solo shrugs.

SOLO  
Gutentag...

ILLYA  
Bonjour...

SOLO  
Buono Giorno...

ILLYA  
Shalom...

SOLO (in Greek)  
Ticanis...

ILLYA  
Goddag...

SOLO (appreciatively;  
looking at Murphy)  
Can't you speak any Eskimo?

ILLYA  
One word. It means a caribou  
with a grey throat, white markings  
on the underside and four white  
paws.

SOLO  
It doesn't fit the situation.

Murphy follows this exchange in the manner of one  
who does not understand English. Attentively, but  
facially, impassively. Solo smiles at her, in a  
total attack of charm. She smiles back tentatively.

SOLO  
You are an utterly charming creature,  
Miss Eskimo, and if you will remove  
these encumbrances,  
(gestures with head and  
eyes, insofar as possible)  
I shall make it my responsibility  
to rig next year's Miss Galaxy  
Beauty Contest so that you win.

Murphy hasn't moved yet, although she has paid grave  
attention to this patter.

SOLO (offering his  
bonds again)  
Every girl wants to be Miss Galaxy.

8-10-65 P.15

SOLO (continued -  
pause)  
Doesn't she?

39  
CONT'D  
(3)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. TRADING POST - DAY

40

VICTORIA, a comely young woman, severely coiffed,  
severely British, is helping EMORY PARTRIDGE don  
a parka over his quite formal morning clothes.

VICTORIA  
Must you really go, Uncle Emory?  
It's frightfully cold and such a  
long way.

40  
CONT'D  
(2)

Partridge's face emerges through the parka.

PARTRIDGE  
You are the most solicitous child,  
Victoria.  
(he is preparing himself for  
his trip as he speaks)  
Under other circumstances, I wouldn't  
bother. But we are expecting some --  
ah -- influential visitors tomorrow.

She is helping him with his mukluks.

VICTORIA  
Yes, of course.  
(pause)  
Don't you find it odd that we have  
two sets of visitors, Uncle Emory?

PARTRIDGE  
Quite. But one must be hospitable.

She fetches a scarf.

VICTORIA  
We don't want you getting the  
sniffles.

He accepts it, and looks at her with something more  
than avuncular affection.

PARTRIDGE  
Terribly thoughtful of Edith to  
send you out here while she's  
visiting Cousin George in Sussex.  
(pause)  
It feels to me as if you've been here  
in Partridgeville always.

VICTORIA  
I felt it my duty to come, Uncle  
Emory.

PARTRIDGE  
Of course. Stock does show, I've  
always said.

He adjusts the scarf as if it were a cravat. Takes  
a whip from its peg on the wall.

VICTORIA  
Wouldn't you rather have Innoke  
sled you to the settlement?

40  
CONT'D  
(3)

PARTRIDGE  
No, Victoria. As we used to say in  
India, one must set a standard for  
the natives. I shall be back by  
nightfall.  
(pause)  
Alone.

We HEAR the BARKING of sled dogs.

PARTRIDGE  
Which husky has he put in the lead  
harness?

VICTORIA  
Disraeli, I believe.

PARTRIDGE  
I told him yesterday Disraeli was  
to be disciplined and Gladstone  
promoted to lead dog.  
(resignation)  
One simply cannot find good servants  
anymore, anywhere.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. IGLOO ONE

41

Solo, Kuryakin and Murphy, as we felt them.

SOLO  
Mr. Waverly is not going to be  
amused if our hunt for Partridge  
ends with two dead pigeons.

Murphy reacts.

ILLYA  
Neither will I.  
(he has noted Murphy's  
reaction; to Solo)  
You've hit something. Try it  
again.

SOLO (to Murphy)  
Partridge. Emory Partridge.  
A tall, dark, untrustworthy  
man.



Murphy finds a knife. Moves behind them. Illya has seen her pick up the knife.

41  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA (to Solo)  
I think you overstated the case.

Solo cranes his neck to see the knife in Murphy's hand. Menacing from his PCV. The beads of perspiration break out on his forehead. CAMERA IS CLOSE ON the knife as she brings it down towards their backs.

MURPHY (as she begins  
to cut their bonds, to  
Illya) (Perfect English)  
I've always adored blonde men.  
And I don't like Mr. Partridge.

Illya is free, and rubbing his wrists. Solo, now being cut loose, is dumbstruck.

MURPHY (answering the  
unspoken question)  
McGill University.

SOLO  
I meant it about the Miss Galaxy  
contest, Miss--

MURPHY  
Murphy.

ILLYA  
Murphy?

MURPHY  
Of the gold-rush Murphy's.

Solo is now free. Murphy is on her way out.

MURPHY  
If you wish to avoid Mr. Partridge  
you'd better get out of here now.  
My father has long since sent word  
to him.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. DOG SLED CROSSING FROZEN TUNDRA (STOCK) - DAY

42

43 OUT

RESUME - IGLOO ONE - SOLO, ILLYA, MURPHY

44

Murphy enters the tunnel. Then returns, for a final word.

MURPHY

By the way, I'd suggest you be careful. Mr. Partridge dominates this whole area. Including the tribe, and my father, who is the Headman.

ILLYA

Miss Murphy, we need your help.

MURPHY

Sorry. My people can be very nasty. One might even say --  
(smiles)  
-- primitive.

We HEAR the SOUND of sled dogs barking. She comes up out of the tunnel.

MURPHY (tensely)

You'd better come this way.

She moves to the other side of the igloo, and pulls aside a fur skin to reveal another tunnel.

HEADMAN (V.O.)

From the water, Mr. Partridge.  
Like two seals.

MURPHY (entering tunnel)

Hurry.

She enters the second tunnel. Illya follows. Solo starts to follow. The Headman appears in the entrance tunnel. His whip snakes around Solo's ankles and downs him. The Headman looks down at him victoriously. Solo pulls the rug from under him. On his fall the Headman finds the knife. Solo holds off the lowering knife blade, finally forcing the Headman to drop the weapon. Twists the Headman's wrist into an arm lock. Judoes him into submission. Turns towards Exit Tunnel.

44  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANGLE ON PARTRIDGE

45

Covering Solo with his pistol from Entrance Tunnel.

PARTRIDGE

Mr. Solo! What a total and absolute surprise.

The Headman recovers.

SOLO

Is it?

PARTRIDGE

I hadn't the vaguest notion it was you.

(looking to the Exit Tunnel)

Would I be correct in assuming your companion to be that light-haired chap with the odd name?

SOLO

Guess.

PARTRIDGE (to the Headman)

Please see if you can locate Mr. Kuryakin. I doubt he has got very far.

The Headman pulls himself together. Rises.

PARTRIDGE (to Napoleon)

I must apologize for my headman. He is the least bit headstrong.

He indicates the exit tunnel.

PARTRIDGE (cont'd)

After you, Mr. Solo. I assure you I have no intention of harming so distinguished a guest.

He watches as Solo enters tunnel.

## INT. IGLOO TWO - DAY

46

Differentiated from Igloo One by its abundance of sealskins, harpoons, other native impediment. Murphy appears from tunnel. Turns to gesture silence to Illya who is following. Behind her, a high pile of sealskins. She leaves the SHOT, revealing, camouflaged behind the sealskins, the EYES of an ESKIMO. Illya enters. The Eskimo jumps him. Illya responds with an elbow. The Eskimo grunts.

## ANGLE ON MURPHY

47

watches fearfully as we HEAR the sounds of the struggle, and a definitive THUMP, ending it. Her eyes follow o.s. action as we HEAR someone being dragged across the Igloo floor.

## PILE OF SEALSKINS - HER POV

48

It evidently now conceals a body.

## RESUME MURPHY

49

She HEARS footsteps from the entrance tunnel. Moves to a position in front of the pile of skins. Sits nervously in front of it.

## ANGLE ON HEADMAN

50

Enters from tunnel. Surveys the igloo. His eyes rest on the skins.

## WIDER - FAVORING MURPHY

51

a slight movement beneath the sealskins behind her. The headman yanks her roughly out of the way with one hand, picks up a handy harpoon with the other.

## ANOTHER ANGLE - HEADMAN

52

Harpoon at the ready.

PILE OF SEALSKINS - HEADMAN'S POV

53

The harpoon lands, solidly.

WIDER ANGLE - THE IGLOO

54

HEADMAN (to Murphy)  
Partridge has taken the dark one away.  
Feed this light one to the dogs.

The headman exits. CAMERA closes on fur-covered  
EXIT 2 of Igloo 2. Illya's face slowly appears.  
Shakes his head sadly at what he sees o.s.

ILLYA (looking  
towards other tunnel)  
Your father?

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE IGLOO

55

Murphy nods.

ILLYA  
A fine eye and a strong wrist. I  
would sincerely appreciate being out  
of range of both.

She looks at the harpoon in the skins. Then at  
Illya's face. She nods.

ILLYA  
Thank you, Murphy.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. TRADING POST - DAYLIGHT FADING

56

Partridge accompanies Solo on the porch of the  
trading post.

PARTRIDGE  
Welcome to Partridgeville, Mr. Solo.  
I trust you will be happy here --  
even if only for a short stay.

SOLO  
I'll do my best.

8-2-65

P.23

A MINER passes and salutes Partridge. Partridge responds grandly, with his left hand.

56  
CONT'D  
(2)

PARTRIDGE (breathing  
the frosty air deeply)  
A friendly place, Partridgeville.  
(pause)

You have no idea, Mr. Solo, in today's  
frantic world, how far a man must go  
to find a friendly, peaceful place.

CAMERA closes to reveal Partridge's pistol, concealed  
by the fur laprobe he is carrying, firmly jammed  
into Napoleon's ribs.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. TRADING POST - DAY

57

Partridge ushers Solo through the door.

INT. TRADING POST - DAY

58

Victoria is embroidering a doily as they enter. She looks up with surprise as they enter.

PARTRIDGE

May I present Mr. Solo. My  
niece, Victoria.

She puts down her work and rises.

SOLO

Charmed.

ANGLE ON VICTORIA

59

She curtseys.

VICTORIA (to Partridge)

I thought--

PARTRIDGE (V.O.)

That I was returning alone?

RESUME WIDER ANGLE

60

PARTRIDGE

One must be flexible, my dear.  
We shall probably soon have Mr.  
Solo's companion as well.

He gives her the laprobe and discreetly-concealed gun. She takes them routinely and finds appropriate places for them. The pistol in a counter drawer.

PARTRIDGE (continued)

Both are gentlemen of many  
accomplishments. Simply over-  
flowing with anecdotes and infor-  
mation of interest.

He is removing his outer clothing, with Victoria's help.

PARTRIDGE

Mr. Solo will not be venturing  
out of doors for a while. Perhaps  
we can find some more appropriate  
attire for him.

60  
CONT'D  
(2)

Victoria finds, in the stocked wall-shelves, a  
checked shirt.

PARTRIDGE

No, no, Victoria. Mr. Solo is a  
man of taste and breeding.

VICTORIA (to Solo)

I shall have to take your measure.

SOLO (smiling)

That seems a fair exchange.

CAMERA follows Victoria as she finds a tape measure,  
crosses to Napoleon. She removes the more obvious  
of his gear. Rations, hunting knife, etc. He  
lifts his arms to allow her to measure his chest.  
Then his waist.

VICTORIA

How do you keep so fit, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

I play games.

VICTORIA

Oh. Do you really?

(she steps back, having  
completed the measurements)

Perhaps we can play some together.

(she crosses, to gather a  
new costume for Napoleon.

Indicating door)

You can change in there.

SOLO (courtly bow)

Thank you, Miss Victoria.

He exits through the door into the adjoining DEN.

INT. DEN - DAY

61

A cozy blend of northwoods and British Victorian.  
Mounted animal heads on the wall. Rockers, sofa.  
Solo cases the room rapidly. He reaches inside  
his jump suit to find, in an upper sleeve, the



communicator which Victoria has missed. He uses a chair to begin a climb to a hiding place for his communicator-- a space where the wall joins the sloping roof.

61  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (his foot on the  
neck of a submissive stuffed  
elk)

Sorry.

He balances precariously on the elk. The communicator is deposited. A long stretch.

He returns lightly to floor-level.

INT. TRADING POST - DAY

62

Partridge is seated at a table, laying out cards. Solitaire.

PARTRIDGE (ebullient)  
A great stroke of luck, Victoria...  
Simply smashing.

Victoria joins him.

VICTORIA  
You've laid a deuce on a four.

PARTRIDGE (annoyed)  
(finds it)  
So I have.  
(returning good humor)  
Well-- it hardly matters today.  
THRUSH will be here tomorrow to  
collect the quadrillennium.

VICTORIA  
What's so unusual about that,  
Uncle Emory.

PARTRIDGE  
The final shipment, my dear. With  
it, they'll have what they need.  
Mastery of the sea and air. And we  
receive payment.

VICTORIA  
I see. How nice, Uncle Emory.

PARTRIDGE (head gesture  
towards the den)  
Plus an additional premium. They'll  
pay a king's ransom for these two.

## VICTORIA

Two?

62  
CONT'D  
(2)

## PARTRIDGE

The headman will find the other one.  
(he places a last card,  
triumphantly)

He's rather slow at dressing, isn't he?

Victoria walks to a ski hanging on the common wall between trading post and den. Quietly slides it aside. We hear a sibilant scrape as it moves, to reveal a peephole in a knot in the wood.

INT. DEN - DAY

63

Solo HEARS the sliding ski, Looks in the direction of the peephole.

RESUME VICTORIA - INT. TRADING POST

64

She places her eye to the peephole to observe him.

INT. DEN - HER POV (VIGNETTED)

65

Solo casually buttoning his shirt, casually turns, walks out of shot.

ANGLE ON SOLO - INT. DEN

66

works along the wall until he finds the peephole. Puts the back of his head to the wall, to obliterate Victoria's view.

RESUME VICTORIA

67

annoyed. Slides the ski, less gently, back into place.

RESUME SOLO - INT. DEN

68

He HEARS the ski. Smiles. Opens his heel, removes a small object from it, and deposits the object in the gullet of a stuffed bear's head.

INT. TRADING POST - DAY

69

Napoleon enters from the den, carrying his outdoor clothing. He is wearing the outfit of an 1890 Arctic frontier dandy.

VICTORIA (still annoyed)  
You look positively handsome, Mr.  
Solo.

He is handing over his clothing.

INSERT

70

The homing pin. Napoleon's hand removes it from his wristwatch, attaches it to a stickpin.

RESUME VICTORIA AND SOLO, FAVORING LATTER

71

Solo, debonair, places the homing pin in his cravat. Pats it.

SOLO  
There. The final touch.

Slow ZOOM in on homing pin in his cravat.

INT. DESERTED MINING SHACK - DAY

72

The homing receiver in Illya's hands is BEEPING. WIDEN to see him, on the floor of the quite decrepit shack. We HEAR WIND intermittently throughout the scene. Illya shivers. FOOTSTEPS approaching. He hurriedly takes cover in the shadows, simultaneously cutting off homing device. Murphy enters, carrying something.

MURPHY (quietly)  
Illya?

ILLYA (relaxing)  
Oh. It's you.

MURPHY  
What was that funny little noise?

He flicks the homing device on. It beeps. He cuts it off.

ILLYA

It tells me where my friend is by a very simple device he wears in his necktie.

(he notes what she is carrying)

But what's that?

She holds it out to him. An offering of love.

MURPHY

For you. Seal blubber.

He accepts it doubtfully. Then notes her face.

ILLYA

Thank you, Murphy.

(he samples it, controlling his reaction)

Delicious.

She looks at him for a moment. Then rises.

MURPHY

I know what you think. Raw seal blubber. Ugh. But we're hungry now, most of the time. Partridge doesn't let the tribe fish or hunt where it used to.

He holds out the seal blubber to her. She looks at it, and him. Rejoins him.

ILLYA (genuinely curious)

Why did you come back from college?

MURPHY

There was something...peaceful here

-- I thought. And I had an idea.

(she laughs)

I thought I could help.

ILLYA

How?

MURPHY

Where our village used to be -- before Partridge -- there was a beautiful, unusual green stone. Wait -- I'll show you.

She reaches inside her fur parka to find a pendant stone she wears on a chain around her neck. Illya responds before she produces it.

72

CONT'D

(2)

ILLYA  
With red veins in it.

72  
CONT'D  
(3)

MURPHY (astonished)  
You've seen it?

ILLYA  
Let's say I know of it.

INSERT - THE AMULET IN HER HAND

73

MURPHY (v.o.)  
Everyone -- even the children,  
used to carve it.

RESUME MURPHY

74

MURPHY  
Beautiful statuettes. Really beautiful.  
(pause)  
In Montreal, I used to think, if we  
had a way to sell our statuettes the  
whole tribe could be prosperous --  
and we'd live happily ever after.

ILLYA  
Could you?

MURPHY  
I don't know.  
(pause)  
It isn't easy to be part one thing  
and part another. No one treats you  
as if you're...real.  
(pause)  
I don't know why I'm telling you all  
this.

She gets up. A difficult return to reality.

MURPHY  
I'd better get back. He'll miss  
me.

ILLYA  
Murphy -- if you help me, I'll try  
to help you. Just take me to where  
the village used to be.

MURPHY

I want to but I can't.

ILLYA

I need a way to get there.

(pause; she shakes her head)

If Partridge were gone, you could go ahead with the plan you had.

MURPHY

No, it's not possible. A school-girl's dream.

Illya likes this girl. He needs her help, but it is more than that. A human motivation.

ILLYA

Dreams can come true, Murphy.

(pause)

If you want them to.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. TRADING POST - NIGHT

75

Partridge and Solo are playing cards at a small table. Solo's right hand has been bound behind his back. His left hand is free to manipulate the cards.

PARTRIDGE

Shall we play a hand?

SOLO (looking at his  
only free one)

Well. Let's say one.

Partridge offers the deck. Solo cuts it. Partridge is dealing. Sniffs a pleasant aroma of cooking.

PARTRIDGE

Venison. Victoria must think well of you. I do hope you like venison. It's likely to be your last dinner.

SOLO

Thoughtful of you.

PARTRIDGE

The least one can do for an unexpected guest.

(considering his cards)

Your card, Mr. Solo.

Solo intentionally flips a card too hard across the table. It falls to the floor on Partridge's side. Partridge bends to retrieve the card. Solo's free hand reaches for the pistol which has been lying on the table at Partridge's side.

75  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANGLE ON PARTRIDGE

76

Beneath the table, aware of Solo's intention. His right hand reaches for something out of the frame. It is a gaffing hook.

ANGLE ON TABLE TOP

77

Solo's free hand is reaching for the pistol. The gaffing hook clamps his wrist to the table.

RESUME SOLO AND PARTRIDGE

78

Partridge replaces the pistol out of Solo's reach.

PARTRIDGE (looking at  
Solo's retrieved card)  
Good, but not good enough.  
(he takes the trick)  
I'm afraid you've lost the game,  
Mr. Solo.

The Headman enters. Angry, but subordinate.

HEADMAN  
My daughter Murphy. Gone.

PARTRIDGE  
The devil with your daughter. Did  
you find the chechako?

Solo listens attentively above table height. Braces his feet for a move.

HEADMAN  
Yes. Find him.

The Headman throws an imaginary harpoon.

PARTRIDGE  
You--?

The Headman nods proudly.

8-10-65

P.33

PARTRIDGE (inwardly in-  
furiated)  
How distressing. Mr. Kuryakin was  
our guest.

78  
CONT'D  
(2)

Partridge slaps the Headman, backhand, across the  
face. Napoleon seizes the opportunity. With great  
effort releases his wrist. Upsets the table in  
Partridge's lap.



## WIDER ANGLE - TRADING POST - NIGHT

79

Solo makes it to the trading post wall. The Headman advances on him. Napoleon lifts a snowshoe from the wall. Sees Partridge recovering and looking for his pistol. Swings the snowshoe, one-handed, into a stack of canned goods. One stays in the snowshoe's leather net. Partridge has located his pistol, and is about to pick it up. Solo cradles the can in the net, sends it flying. It knocks the gun from Partridge's hand.

## ANOTHER ANGLE - TRADING POST

80

The Headman, mining pick in hand, moves on Solo. Solo throws the snowshoe as if it were a boomerang. The Headman ducks. It misses him. He reaches the cornered Napoleon - swings -- and the pick is buried in the wall. Napoleon gets a lock on the Headman's extended arm and floors him. Partridge, meanwhile, makes it to the counter drawer in which Victoria earlier has placed a revolver. Solo grabs a rifle from the wall. He has Partridge covered. Partridge doesn't seem to mind. He continues his movement, taking the revolver from the drawer. Partridge has the pistol in his hand.

## PARTRIDGE (aiming)

Rifles on display are never loaded.

Solo brings the rifle barrel down on Partridge's wrist. Races for the adjoining den.

## INT. DEN - NIGHT

81

Solo, breathless, bars the door. Starts the climb towards his hidden communicator. We HEAR glass being shattered. Solo turns towards the sound's source.

## CLOSE ON THE WINDOW - SOLO'S POV

82

Victoria's pistol. She fires it.

## RESUME - SOLO

83

The bullet lands uncomfortably close. He drops to the ground for cover.

RESUME - WINDOW - SOLO'S NEW POV

84

The pistol is right on the mark.

EXT. THE PORCH AND DEN WINDOW.

85

Partridge diverts the shot.

VICTORIA (pouting)  
You spoiled my shot.

PARTRIDGE  
Good heavens, Victoria. Can't  
we keep one alive?

He raises the window sash. His manner changes.  
Courtly.

PARTRIDGE  
Ladies first.

She climbs through the window, still covering Napoleon.

RESUME INT. DEN

86

VICTORIA (producing Solo's  
communicator)  
You might have spared yourself  
the trouble.

SOLO  
How true.

Partridge regards Solo with disapproval.

PARTRIDGE  
Stand up, Mr. Solo.

Solo does. Partridge shakes his head sadly.

PARTRIDGE  
You really must talk to your tailor.

SOLO  
He's at the top of my list.

PARTRIDGE  
And your cravat!

He adjusts it. Then, with a meticulous gesture,  
removes the stick-pin. Looks at the result.

PARTRIDGE  
Much better. You really don't  
need it at all.  
    (looking at the homing pin)  
Poor Mr. Kuryakin. A harpoon. As  
if he were a common whale.

86  
CONT'D  
(2)

He places the homing pin on a flat surface. Lifts a  
piece of Eskimo sculpture. Crushes the pin with its  
base.

PARTRIDGE (to  
Victoria)  
Would you be good enough to  
fetch me a piece of rope?

She goes to trading post.

PARTRIDGE  
I really would like to continue  
our card game, Mr. Solo, but I'm  
afraid you'll be tied up for the  
evening.

ZIP PAN TO:

87 OUT

EXT. AN ICY AREA - NIGHT

87X1

Illya and Murphy are huddled between two huge rocks  
of ice. The BEEP of the homing device in Illya's  
hand stops abruptly. Murphy looks at him alarmed...  
a question in her face.

ILLYA (answering  
her question)  
Weather report from Partridgeville.  
Stormy.

He looks off to the distance.

ILLYA  
That's it?

EXT. PARTRIDGEVILLE (ALASKAN VILLAGE) - LONG SHOT -  
NIGHT (STOCK)

88

RESUME ILLYA AND MURPHY

88X1

MURPHY (nodding)  
Where we used to live.

He pockets the homing device.

ILLYA  
Then fortunately, we do not need  
this any longer.

We HEAR a distant WOLF CALL.

MURPHY (whispering)  
Good luck, Illya.

88X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

She turns to leave. He HEARS FOOTSTEPS. Detains her.

ILLYA (whispering)  
Wait.

They are suddenly eliminated by a searchlight beam. Illya ducks for a piece of ice. Throws it. We HEAR the SHATTERING of GLASS. The beam is extinguished. We HEAR POLICE WHISTLES and FOOTSTEPS running toward them.

ILLYA (taking her  
hand)  
Run!

.ZIP PAN TO:

89 OUT

EXT. THE MOUNTIE POST - NIGHT

90

Lamplit from within. Icicles from the porch roof. Illya and Murphy move tensely toward the window. Murphy sees something which gives her great relief.

MURPHY  
Thank heavens. We'll be safe here. It's a mountie post.

She stands and knocks at the door. It opens to REVEAL a burly, red-coated Northwest MOUNTIE.

MURPHY  
We've lost our way, officer.

MOUNTIE (very  
friendly)  
Wonder you're not frozen to death, miss. Come right in.  
(sees Illya)  
Both of you. Have you snug as a bug in a rug in no time.

They walk through the door.

INT. THE MOUNTIE POST - NIGHT

90X1

The Mountie closes the door behind them as they enter. It has concealed the waiting Partridge.

PARTRIDGE (indicating  
Mountie)  
How good of you to stop by, Mr.  
Kuryakin. My associates and I  
have been gravely concerned about  
your health.

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN  
INT. THE MOUNTIE POST - NIGHT

91

The usual barred detention cells. Partridge is conducting Illya and Murphy towards them, across an open area.

PARTRIDGE (to Illya)  
Spartan, for a reunion after all these years, but, at this late hour, the best we can offer.

ILLYA (noting the cells)  
The best is none too good.

Illya considers the situation. Then crumples at the knees, and falls forward awkwardly.

PARTRIDGE (pistol in hand)  
Up, Mr. Kuryakin. At attention.

ILLYA (explaining)  
A trick knee acquired in an Olympic tryout. I didn't make it.

On the floor, he has surreptitiously detached the miniature aqualung from his mask. Conceals it in his hand.

PARTRIDGE  
Persons of your calibre don't, I'm sorry to say.

ILLYA  
The team did.

Partridge points the way with his pistol.

PARTRIDGE  
Against the wall, please.

ILLYA (still on the floor)  
A person of my calibre needs a hand.

Partridge indicates that the frightened Murphy may help. As she bends to assist Illya, he drops the aqualung into the hood of her parka. She is not aware of it. With Murphy's help, Illya limps to the wall.

PARTRIDGE (to Murphy)  
You will be returned to your father  
in the morning. I gather he has a  
few words of -- paternal advice..

91  
CONT'D  
(2)

Partridge accompanies the limping Illya and  
assisting Murphy towards their adjoining cells.  
She looks terribly unhappy. He looks at her  
for a moment.

ILLYA  
You are worried about your father.  
What he will do to you.

She looks up, smiles wryly.

MURPHY  
Something they'd never approve  
of at McGill.

ILLYA  
I'm sorry, Murphy.

92-98  
OUT



CLOSE ON MURPHY - ILLYA'S POV

99

The smile has gone. He puts his hand through the bars and lifts her face.

ILLYA

You have a particularly beautiful smile.

She tries.

99  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

Good.

(pause)

We'll find a way.

MURPHY

You can't even walk.

He stands up and does a kneebend.

ILLYA (smiling)

I've had a sudden recovery.

100-104  
OUT

INT. DEN - NIGHT

105

We see Partridge, alone, with some exertion, pulling a thong around a beam and fastening it.

PARTRIDGE (as he works)

You understand, Mr. Solo, that I dislike this chore. But -- as my wife Edith has frequently pointed out -- there are certain moral rules.

Partridge cuts off end of rope and puts down hunting knife. We see what Partridge has accomplished. Napoleon is spread-eagled to the wall. A length of thong extends from each wrist to a beam or pillar at either side.

PARTRIDGE

Compliance --

(he yanks on the thong)

must be rewarded... Disobedience

(yank)

must be punished.

SOLO (quite stretched)

Yes. I can see that.

PARTRIDGE

You have an alert mind.

105  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo, over his shoulder, watches Partridge find a long reindeer whip.

PARTRIDGE (lifts his  
glass)

To tomorrow, Mr. Solo. At which  
time I shall turn you and Mr.  
Kuryakin over to my clients.

He rolls some brandy on his tongue. Solo has  
shown no surprise at the mention of Illya.

PARTRIDGE (picks up  
the whip, snaps it, but  
far from Solo)  
Practice. I prefer to be precise.

SOLO

Wouldn't want it any other way.

PARTRIDGE (snaps the  
whip again.)  
You do have breeding.  
(this time it really CRACKS)  
Ah. That's the style.  
(pause)  
You don't seem surprised to learn  
that your colleague is in good  
health and safekeeping.

SOLO

I never doubted it for a minute.

PARTRIDGE (curious)

Really. Why not?

Partridge snaps the whip...It lands closer, on  
each cast. Solo flinches correspondingly.

SOLO

Because Eskimos...

(snap)  
don't kill Kuryakins...

(snap)  
when they're with girls named Murphy.

Partridge draws his arm back to deliver the first  
lash.

INT. MOUNTIE POST - NIGHT

105X1

The MOUNTIE whittles a final touch. Puts his work down. Yawns. CAMERA FOLLOWS him to suspended kerosene lamp, just outside Illya's cell. He pulls the lamp down. Adjusts its flame to low.

MOUNTIE (to Murphy  
and Illya)  
Pleasant dreams.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

106

Interested in the lamp.

ILLYA  
The same to you.

The Mountie fails to return the lamp to its original position. It is now almost within Illya's reach. The Mountie turns, walks to the door, and through it. A routine night check. Illya beckons to Murphy through the bars. He reaches through to recover the aqualung in her hood. We HEAR the SOUND of the door as the Mountie returns. Illya converts his gesture into an embrace. Murphy is astonished.

ILLYA  
Ssh.

106  
CONT'D  
(2)

She holds still. The Mountie notes this apparent love-making with north woods revulsion. Turns his chair to avoid witnessing it. Sits down solidly, back to his prisoners. Illya releases Murphy. The aqualung in his hand.

ILLYA (whispering)  
Sorry. More or less.

She looks at him. There is definitely a light in her eye. He puts his finger to his lips. Shows her the aqualung. The Mountie's head nods, heavily.

RESUME - ILLYA AND MURPHY

107

We HEAR a first SNORE. Illya moves into action. He cannot quite reach the lamp. He holds out his hand to Murphy.

ILLYA (quietly)  
Your necklace.

Murphy, puzzled, removes it from her neck and gives it to him. He detaches the fuel side of the aqualung. Places it where he can reach it. Uses Murphy's necklace as a bolo to capture the suspended kerosene lamp.

ILLYA  
A special fuel.

He ignites it, plays the aqualung oxygen jet over it. It starts cutting through the padlock on his cell. We HEAR the HISS of the improvised torch. Murphy watches with intense interest. Replaces her returned necklace. The Mountie stirs. Illya halts the operation momentarily. The Mountie SNORES. Illya continues. The padlock is cut. He puts aside the aqualung and fuel unit. He cuts off the flame with a twist of a knob. With a firm, but silent wrench, he twists and removes the padlock. Opens the door. Starts towards the guard, stealthily, past Murphy's cell. He subdues the guard, silently. Sees Murphy's unhappy face.

MURPHY (protesting)  
Illya!

ILLYA  
You will be safer here.

MURPHY (shaking her head)  
No!

Illya finds his homing device in his captured gear.  
Hands it to her.

107  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

If you really need me.

He turns. His shoulder brushes the hanging lamp as  
the lamp swings.

EXT. MOUNTIE POST - NIGHT

108

A SECOND MOUNTIE of impressive physique, walks in-  
to shot, approaching the shedded, icicled porch.  
Notes the pattern created by the swinging lamp.

INT. MOUNTIE POST - NIGHT - MURPHY'S POV

109

Illya moves towards the door. Stops to acquire  
the first Mountie's revolver. Murphy watches him,  
then turns her attention to the equipment he has  
left behind on his cell floor. She bends and reaches  
out for it.

EXT. MOUNTIE POST - NIGHT

110

Illya emerges cautiously. The Second Mountie, wait-  
ing at the side of the door, fells him with the butt-  
end of his revolver.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

111

crumpled and unconscious.

RESUME EXT. MOUNTIE POST - NIGHT

112

The second mountie disarms Illya. Slaps him roughly to bring him to. Illya opens his eyes. Sees the Redcoat.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

113

He feels the back of his head.

ILLYA

A splendid organization.

RESUME - MOUNTIE POST EXT.

114

The second mountie pulls him to his feet by his collar. Indicates the Post door as the direction in which he wants Illya to go. Illya sags--breaks --judoes his captor. The second mountie lunges for him. Illya dances lightly out of the way. The second mountie, gun in hand, corners him against the porch rail. Illya looks beyond the second mountie to a non-existent ally.

ILLYA

Now!

The second mountie turns instinctively to see who's behind him. Illya breaks off a huge icicle from the porch eave. Throws it, point first, in the direction of the second mountie. We HEAR the THUMP of a falling body.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

115

He shakes his head, looking at his unseen victim.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PARTRIDGE'S DEN - NIGHT

116

Napoleon, spread-eagled against the wall. Partridge in a rocker. Solo has had it.

PARTRIDGE  
You do look well among the  
trophies, Mr. Solo.

116  
CONT'D  
(2)

He savors a sip of brandy.

SOLO  
Good taxidermists are hard to find.

EXT. DEN PORCH - NIGHT

117

Illya enters the shot, crawling below sill level.  
We HEAR the DANCE HALL MUSIC distantly. Illya  
cautiously peeks through the window.

INT. THE DEN - ILLYA'S POV

118

PARTRIDGE  
There are, of course, other  
ways to preserve your charm.  
(pause)  
Pity you're worth so much more  
alive.

Solo looks over his shoulder. Smiles faintly. He  
sees Illya's face in the window, in a REVERSE SHOT.

SOLO  
I'd hate to see you sustain  
any great financial loss.

Partridge has another sip of brandy. Behind him  
Illya is raising the window, and entering on cat feet.

PARTRIDGE  
My investment looks quite --  
secure.

SOLO  
One never knows about the market.

Illya, the commando, claps his hand across Partridge's  
mouth.

ILLYA (to Partridge)  
Always sell when the price is high.

Illya, holding Partridge, is unable to move.



ANGLE ON SOLO

119

He pulls at his thongs.

SOLO

Some way I can give you a hand?

RESUME WIDER ANGLE - THE DEN

120

Illya looks towards Solo, evaluating the situation. Sees Partridge's HUNTING KNIFE on the table. Picks it up with his free hand, by the blade. A throwing position.

SOLO (terrorized)

You wouldn't.

Illya tosses the knife.

INSERT - WOODEN BEAM

121

The KNIFE lands in the wood around which Partridge has tied the thong, simultaneously cutting the thong.

RESUME SOLO

122

Relieved, releases himself. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he joins Illya. They are tying Partridge to the rocker.

SOLO

The quadrillenium is somewhere in Partridgeville.

(to the now gagged

Partridge)

True or false?

Partridge offers nothing. Solo wrenches his arm.

SOLO

One good turn deserves another.

True or false?

Partridge nods.

ILLYA (to Partridge)

You advance to a new plateau.

SOLO (to Illya)

THRUSH is coming to collect it tomorrow.

They are moving Partridge, in the rocker, to a corner of the room. Solo indicates door from the den to the trading post.

122  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (to Illya  
Compasses, toys, formal evening  
wear in that department.

They walk into the trading post.

INT. TRADING POST

122X1

Solo looks around at the merchandise. Finds a compass, holds it in his hand. Illya goes to him, also looks at compass.

SOLO  
Which way's north?

ILLYA (pointing)  
That way.

INSERT - COMPASS

122X2

pointing direction different from that indicated by Illya. They walk toward the wall. As they reach it, we HEAR dancehall music faintly. Solo holds compass next to wall. He and Illya exchange looks.

INSERT - COMPASS

122X3

The needle goes berserk.

SOLO  
The quadrillennium is someplace  
in the dancehall.

ILLYA (regarding  
his costume)  
I agree. This is definitely  
not for dancing.

SOLO  
I'll do the dancing--or something  
to distract them. You look for  
the quadrillennium.

Illya nods. Solo exits through the door to the trading post. Illya starts to follow him. An afterthought. Picks up a huge bearskin rug. Tosses it onto the bound Partridge.

122X3  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA  
Wouldn't want you to be cold.

INT. THE DANCE HALL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

123

Miners, girls, gambling tables. A raucous PLAYER PIANO, being pumped by a dance-hall girl. A bar on the long wall at left. A stage at the short far end of the hall. A handwrestle in progress between a GIANT MINER and a slightly smaller one.

ANGLE ON THE PIANO PLAYER

124

Pounding along. She looks up. Sees something o.s. Stops playing. The voices peter out.

ANGLE ON SOLO

125

Adjusts his cuffs. The swinging doors are still moving behind him. He starts towards the bar, which is lined with miners.

REVERSE

126

Bartenders and miners watch dourly. Turn back to their fun and games. We HEAR the MUSIC and VOICES resume. CAMERA FOLLOWS Solo to the bar. Solo turns. Sees something in the direction of entrance. It is Illya, now dressed as a miner. He is, as casually as possible, making his way towards the far end of the dance hall. Solo edges into the spectator ring surrounding the handwrestle. The giant miner throws his opponent. CHEERS from the group. Solo steps into the place of the defeated miner, and extends his hand. The giant miner eyes him up and down. Then shoves him out of the way. Solo, persistent, returns to the challenger's position.

SOLO (holding out  
his hand)  
You'll never know, if you don't  
try.

The giant miner throws him easily, to the vast  
enthusiasm of the other miners. They turn back  
to the bar. Solo, on the floor, looks o.s. towards  
stage.

126  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANGLE ON ILLYA - SOLO'S POV

127

He is on stage, hidden partially by a high-kicking  
quartette.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSER

128

Illya finds the edge of a panel in the stage's rear  
wall. Surreptitiously runs his hand along the  
panel's limits. He is looking for a control.

RESUME SOLO

129

He rises and resumes the challenger's position.  
Taps the giant miner's shoulder.

SOLO (to giant miner)  
Two out of three.

129  
CONT'D  
(2)

The giant miner can't believe his ears. Grins with anticipation. Nods his head in acceptance of the challenge.

WIDER ANGLE - THE DANCE HALL

130

The MUSIC stops. No one can miss this one. The spectator ring grows.

RESUME SOLO AND GIANT MINER

131

Solo removes his jacket with a flourish. Engages his opponent. A struggle. Solo throws him.

ANGLE ON GIANT MINER - SOLO'S POV

132

Dumbfounded, on the floor.

ANGLE ON SOLO - GIANT MINER'S POV

133

Even up. SOLO (dusting his hands)

RESUME - ILLYA

134

He is working along the baseboard of the stage wall searching for a control. We follow him to a pair of logs. They belong to VICTORIA. Illya looks up.

VICTORIA - ILLYA'S POV

135

VICTORIA  
Lose something?

ILLYA - VICTORIA'S POV

136

ILLYA  
More or less.

RESUME MEDIUM - BOTH

137

Victoria smiles.

VICTORIA

Good luck.

She turns and walks out of frame. Illya watches her, puzzled. Then his eye is caught by something quite close by. It is a SECOND PIANO. Its name plate reads, in ornate calligraphy, "EDITH". Its keyboard cover is closed, and padlocked.

ILLYA (to himself)

Of course.

He bends to work on the padlock.

ANGLE ON VICTORIA

138

Concealed behind a curtain in stage wing. It moves to show her face. She is watching Illya. A slow and thoughtful smile. We HEAR a special burst of cheers from the wrestling area.

RESUME HANDWRESTLE

139

The giant miner has Solo in a terrible position. Beads of perspiration popping on Solo's brow. The opponents strain, foot to foot, hand to hand. Solo, with enormous effort, is recovering inch by inch towards the normal starting position.

CLOSE ON SOLO'S FACE

140

Growing satisfaction, until his eyes see something upsetting o.s.

MURPHY - SOLO'S POV

141

She has entered the dance hall through the swinging doors. Looks for and sees Illya. Starts towards him, leaving the shot. Through the swinging doors, the Headman and Second Mountie enter.

RESUME HANDWRESTLE

142

Solo, momentarily off guard, is thrown. He picks himself up, swings the giant miner around. Throws the nearest glass of booze into the giant miner's face.

ANGLE ON GIANT - SOLO'S POV

143

The giant miner breaks a whiskey bottle against the bar and advances on Solo.

RESUME ILLYA

144

Working on Edith's piano. He looks up, in response to sudden o.s. silence.

INT. - THE DANCE HALL - ILLYA'S POV

145

Solo retreats, upsetting tables along the way. CAMERA PANS to find Murphy heading towards Ilya,

RESUME GIANT MINER - SOLO'S POV

146

Advancing, bottle in hand...

REVERSE SHOT

147

Solo lifts a chair in self-defense. Knocks bottle from giant miner's hand, by throwing the chair. Giant Miner swings. Solo ducks. Giant Miner's fist hits another MINER. It has become a free for all.

RESUME ILLYA

148

CAMERA FOLLOWS as he moves rapidly towards Murphy. He reaches her at the dance-hall piano. The free-for-all is at peak.

MURPHY

I'm sorry. I had to come.

ILLYA (speculatively)  
Yes. You adore blonde men.

148  
CONT'D  
(2)

Murphy surveys the scene.

MURPHY  
I seem to have caused some  
trouble.

ILLYA  
Life is too valuable to spend  
even a single moment of it in  
remorse.

He pulls her around the side of the piano, for protection, and draws his gun. Points it in the direction of the Giant Miner. A MINER'S FOOT kicks it out of his hands. A scramble for it. It slides under the player-piano.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INT. DANCE HALL

149

Solo, in retreat, sees the Headman and Second Mountie out of the corner of his eye. Chooses to use the final table to stop them. Nothing between the advancing Giant Miner and Solo now.

SOLO AND GIANT MINER - ILLYA'S POV

150

A cuspidor next to the player-piano. Illya throws it. It bounces off the Giant Miner's chest. Doesn't stop him. But allows Solo to land a solid one. The Giant Miner slams into EDITH'S PIANO. Its cover is shattered. A wild BARRELHOUSE TUNE.

DANCE HALL - TOWARDS THE STAGE

151

Edith's Piano and Giant Miner in f.g. At the far end of the hall, in the stage wing not occupied by Victoria, a partition slides open. Darkness within the area exposed, but for a single, concentrated overhead light source.

ANGLE ON SOLO

152

SOLO  
Bingo!



RESUME VICTORIA

153

She has found out what she wants to know. She draws a gun. Takes aim...

RESUME SOLO

154

fires. Solo drops, as the shot misses him. Dives for cover behind player-piano.

ILLYA AND MURPHY, FAVORING FORMER

155

Crouching behind the piano. Solo enters the shot precipitously. Illya has his gun in hand.

ILLYA

Welcome aboard.

SOLO (indicating the  
direction of the partition)

Shall we?

ILLYA

Take my friend.

Solo takes Murphy's hand, prepares to make the dash. Peeks from behind the piano.

156-158 OUT

RESUME WIDE ANGLE - DANCE HALL

159

Solo and Murphy dash for the partition. As he approaches the partition, he sees Victoria, gun in hand.

SOLO (to a dancing  
girl)

Sorry, Florabelle.

He pushes her off balance. She and another dancing girl obstruct Victoria's possibility of stopping Solo and Murphy.

INT. THE MINE CHAMBER

160

A rocky, cavernous chamber. Mining equipment. A stack of quadrillanium ingots, clearly ready for shipment. Semi-darkness, but for the intense overhead beam. Solo and Murphy, followed closely by Illya, make it into the chamber.

INT. THE DANCE HALL - ANOTHER ANGLE

160X1

Victoria throws herself onto the keyboard of Edith's piano. The partition starts to close.

INT. THE MINE CHAMBER

160X2

Solo and Illya race to hold back the closing partition. They cannot. It closes solidly. CAMERA FOLLOWS as they move through chamber in search of a possible escape exit.

SOLO (touching the  
quadrillanium en route)  
Find -- and destroy.

ILLYA  
Easily said.

They reach the far end of the chamber, clearly no way out.

ILLYA (to Solo)  
We may be here for a while.

161 OUT

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:  
INT. DEN - DAY

162

Victoria and Partridge are at breakfast. She serves him a scone.

VICTORIA  
It was wicked of you to keep  
secrets from me, Uncle Emory.

He accepts the scone.

PARTRIDGE  
Edith's piano?

She nods.

PARTRIDGE (cont'd)  
I didn't know you liked music.

VICTORIA  
But I love it.

PARTRIDGE (pouring  
tea)  
A pleasant tune you played last  
night, Victoria, in any case.

VICTORIA (accepting  
it)  
Thank you.  
(pause)  
You never mentioned that storeroom  
either.

He looks at her as if he really hasn't seen her before.

PARTRIDGE  
By the way, did you ever meet Aunt  
Edith's older brother?

VICTORIA  
Perhaps as a child.  
(pause)  
What's in it?

PARTRIDGE  
The one who lived in Kent. Charles.

VICTORIA  
It's where you keep the quadrillen-  
ium, isn't it, Uncle Emory?

162  
CONT'D  
(2)

PARTRIDGE  
Charles always used to say a man  
must have a few secrets.  
(offering it)  
Another kipper?

Partridge holds out the silver platter to her.  
With his other hand he reaches beneath the table.

BREAKFAST TABLE - FROM BELOW

163

Partridge's hand turns up a control dial.

164 OUT

INT. THE MINE CHAMBER

164X1

Solo, Illya, Murphy are asleep. The end of a long  
uncomfortable night. We HEAR the HISS of gas. All  
three open their eyes.

MURPHY (alarmed)  
What's that?

SOLO  
Mr. Partridge's alarm clock.

The chamber begins to fill with visible gas. The  
smoke fumes grow thicker. Solo, thoughtful, sees  
something OFFSCREEN.

INSERT - LEATHER GLOVE

165

RESUME SOLO

166

SOLO (to Illya)  
You wouldn't happen to have a --

ILLYA (interrupting)  
Of course.

He turns to Murphy. Holds out his hand.

ILLYA  
Murphy -- the little aqua-  
lung you used to get out of  
the cell. You have it?

166  
CONT'D  
(2)

She produces it. Solo is already chopping an improvised face mask. It is a small length of hose, split at the top to fit over nose and mouth. Solo fits it to Murphy's face. Illya opens the valve of the miniature aqua-lung. She breathes deeply.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DEN

167

Partridge and Victoria at the breakfast table, as we left them.

PARTRIDGE  
An excellent breakfast,  
Victoria. Aunt Edith would  
be proud of you.

He pats his mouth with his napkin. Consults his vest-pocket watch. Smiles, contentedly. She watches him closely.

PARTRIDGE (to himself)  
Yes, that should do it nicely.

He reaches beneath the table and turns the control dial off.

VICTORIA (admiringly)  
You do have a lot of secrets.

Partridge rises.

PARTRIDGE  
If you will excuse me, my dear,  
I have a small business matter  
which demands my attention. I  
shan't be long.

He leaves the shot. Victoria watches him, pursing her lips in some inner calculation.

INT. THE DANCE HALL

168

Partridge enters, followed by the HEADMAN, carrying his harpoon, the second mountie and the giant miner. They hold at Edith's piano. Partridge is armed. The others are not.

PARTRIDGE (to the Headman)  
When you see your daughter, she may  
appear, ah, somewhat fatigued. In  
fact lifeless. Actually, she is  
only asleep. Do you understand?

168  
CONT'D  
(2)

HEADMAN (grimly)  
I will wake her. To punish.

PARTRIDGE  
That may take a few hours. But I  
do approve of your attitude.  
Children are reared so laxly nowadays.  
(to all three)  
Please handle the bodies gently.  
They have some value for me.

He plays a soft CHORD on Edith's piano. The  
partition rises.

INT. THE MINE CHAMBER

169

Solo, Illya and Murphy are sprawled, seemingly life-  
less, on the floor. Actually playing possum. The  
Giant Miner approaches Solo. The Mountie moves to  
Illya. The Headman and Partridge bring up the rear.  
Solo waits until the Giant Miner is over him, gets  
him in the chest with his feet, sends him sprawling.  
Illya throws the Mountie in a judo-toss by getting  
a wrist-lock as the Mountie reaches for him.  
Murphy, cowering, takes cover. Illya draws his gun.

ANGLE ON PARTRIDGE AND HEADMAN

170

They retreat behind the protective wall of quadrillenium.

RESUME - FIGHT

171

Illya, gun in hand, moves towards Mountie. The  
recovering Giant Miner trips him. He is sent  
sprawling and loses his gun. Reaches for it. The  
Mountie kicks it out of the way.

ANGLE ON SOLO 172

CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he starts towards Illya's aid. We HEAR the explosive ROAR of an air compressor and pneumatic drill. Solo turns.

GIANT MINER - SOLO'S POV 173

Advances on Solo, using the pneumatic drill as a weapon.

COUNTER SHOT - SOLO 174

Backs off to the wall. Sweating it out.

RESUME GIANT MINER 175

The vibrating drill is coming closer.

RESUME HEADMAN AND PARTRIDGE, FAVORING LATTER 175X1

Partridge smiles with quiet satisfaction. The observer complete.

ANGLE ON ILLYA AND MOUNTIE 176

Trading blows. Illya turns, after delivering a smashing blow. The Mountie is down. And Out.

RESUME SOLO AND GIANT MINER - ILLYA'S POV 177

Solo is pressed against the wall. The drill is almost on him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOLO AND GIANT MINER, FAVORING SOLO 178

The Giant Miner lunges with the drill. Solo steps aside.

CLOSE - THE POINT OF THE PNEUMATIC DRILL 179

It jams into the wall of the chamber.

RESUME WIDER ANGLE 180

The Giant Miner is reaching for Solo, who is cornered. Illya finds an axe. Severs the hose to the drill. Uses the compressed air flow against the Giant Miner. It distracts him. Solo lands a solid pair of blows to take the Giant Miner down and Out. Illya turns, hose in hand, towards Headman and Partridge.

ANGLE ON HEADMAN AND PARTRIDGE 181

The Headman has his harpoon at the ready. Partridge points towards Illya.

PARTRIDGE (to Headman)  
Now. As if he were a seal.

The Headman throws the harpoon. Illya ducks. It passes him and lands in the air pressure tank of the compressor. We HEAR A WHOOSH.

ANOTHER ANGLE 182

Headman starts towards Illya. Solo now free, tackles the Headman from below. A struggle. Solo lands one on the back of the Headman's neck. Solo, satisfied, dusts his hands. Illya enters the SHOT. They are low.

ILLYA  
Thanks, Napoleon. A good effort.

SOLO (seeing something  
off screen)  
Not good enough.

Illya turns his head to follow Solo's view.

ANGLE ON PARTRIDGE - THEIR POV 183

He is standing above them, pistol in hand.



PARTRIDGE  
An interesting performance,  
gentlemen.  
(he notes Murphy)  
You may bring your little native  
girl with you, of course. You  
seem to have grown quite fond of her.

183  
CONT'D  
(2)

He shakes his head.

PARTRIDGE (cont'd)  
No sense of propriety. Pity,

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DEN - DAY

184

Murphy, Illya and Solo are covered by Partridge's  
pistol, as they enter.

PARTRIDGE  
To the wall, if you have no  
objections.

Victoria enters behind Partridge. Puts a pistol to  
his back.

VICTORIA  
Well done, Uncle Emory.

ANGLE ON PARTRIDGE AND VICTORIA

185

Partridge feels the gun in his back.

PARTRIDGE  
I beg your pardon.

Victoria reaches in front of him and takes his pistol.

VICTORIA  
Won't you join your friends?

He turns and looks at her.

PARTRIDGE  
My dear, you're getting to look  
more and more like your Aunt Edith  
every day.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Partridge as he joins the three at  
the wall.

PARTRIDGE (to Solo)  
Not a good family, really.

185  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo is sympathetic.

PARTRIDGE (to Victoria)  
I don't suppose you'd care to  
share the quadrillennium.

VICTORIA  
I have not been catering to your  
whims in this forsaken country  
for a share of anything, Uncle  
Emory.  
(to her prisoners)  
Hands above your heads. All of you.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND MURPHY

185X1

ILLYA  
I'm sorry, Murphy.

MURPHY  
Don't be, please. I brought it  
on myself.

ILLYA  
Not without my help. And I promised  
you dreams could come true.

Murphy looks at him with affection.

TWO SHOT - PARTRIDGE AND SOLO

186

Partridge is standing between Illya and Solo. The  
stuffed bear is over Partridge's head, out of  
Napoleon's reach.

Solo looks up calculatingly at the stuffed bear, then  
turns his head to Partridge.

SOLO  
Mr. Partridge--

Partridge turns towards him.

186  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (cont'd)

Given the gravity of the occasion,  
I should like to stand next to my  
friend.

PARTRIDGE

A very tender sentiment.  
(looks at him closely)  
Not at all like you, I would say.

SOLO

You're a very perceptive man.

A WIDER ANGLE

187

PARTRIDGE

Victoria, I trust you have no  
objection to having your prisoners  
lined up in different order.

VICTORIA

What are you talking about, Uncle  
Emory.

PARTRIDGE

Sentiment, my child. Purely sentiment.

They change places.

CLOSE ON SOLO, ILLYA AND THE BEAR'S HEAD

188

His hand inches towards the stuffed bear's head on  
the wall. Solo turns his head towards Illya and  
indicates the bear's head above him with a movement  
of his eyes. Illya acknowledges with an almost  
imperceptible nod.

Solo's hand finds the capsule in the bear's gullet.  
He dashes it to the ground. Gas and smoke where it  
lands...

ANOTHER ANGLE

189

at Victoria's feet. They overpower Victoria. Solo  
takes her gun.

PARTRIDGE  
Capital. My congratulations. A  
most untrustworthy girl.

189  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA (to Solo)  
Not much time before THRUSH arrives.

SOLO  
Dynamite in the trading post.  
Illya exits for trading post. Solo ties them to  
each other.

PARTRIDGE  
Mr. Solo - I trust you will take  
me with you.  
Solo shakes his head.

PARTRIDGE  
But I've come to admire your style.  
Solo shakes his head again.

SOLO  
No - I think not.

PARTRIDGE  
Then, may I inquire just what you  
plan to do with me. It's a matter  
of some personal interest.  
Illya appears at door. Dynamite sticks in hand.

ILLYA  
Napoleon. Find - and destroy.

SOLO (to Partridge)  
I think you should discuss the matter  
with THRUSH, when they arrive and  
find the quadrillanium destroyed.  
(pause)  
I'm sure their mercy will be tender.

INT. DANCE HALL

190

The partition is open. Solo and Illya enter. Solo is  
carrying a harpoon. He takes the dynamite sticks from  
Illya, ties them with wire to the end of the harpoon.

ILLYA  
There must be a simpler way.

SOLO  
No one in there anymore?

ILLYA  
They are long gone. As we should be.

Solo throws the harpoon. It enters neatly through the partition. Flash and billows of smoke follow the REVERBERATING EXPLOSION.

190  
CONT'D  
(2)

TWO SHOT - FAVORING SOLO

191

SOLO (pleased)  
I've always wanted to throw one  
of those things.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. THIRD AVENUE - DAY

192

Illya and Napoleon walk up the avenue. Solo stops short. Looks o.s. Illya follows his gaze.

A COUPLE OF WINDOW WASHERS - SOLO'S POV

193

working back to CAMERA.

RESUME - ILLYA AND SOLO

194

ILLYA  
No. It couldn't be.

SOLO  
You're sure?

ILLYA  
Positive.

SOLO (kidding him)  
This isn't a cold climate.

Illya allows himself to be amused.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM.

ILLYA  
What was there was destroyed,  
every bit. And that mineral,  
they don't use it that way  
anymore.

8-10-65 P.69

SOLO  
Really. By the way, do you  
know how to rig a Miss Universe  
contest?

194  
CONT'D  
(2)

CAMERA HOLDS

They turn into a store entrance. The CAMERA PANS.  
We see Murphy, placing an Eskimo sculpture in her  
shop window.

THE END